

# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES.

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## CONDITIONS.

### THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

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### ON CORRECT VIEWS RESPECTING THE NATURE OF FUTURE HAPPINESS.

Life and immortality were emphatically  
brought to light by the Gospel; some glimmer-  
ings of light, indeed, were afforded to those who  
lived under the Mosaic dispensation—sufficient  
to prevent despondency, arising from the uncer-  
tainty in which all the conjectures of hu-  
man reason must have left the inquirer—suffi-  
cient to sustain and solace the mind of the sin-  
cere believer under the depressing influence of  
afflictions and sorrows, sufficient, even in the  
apprehension of what remained to be experi-  
enced beyond the present state of existence, to  
lead the patriarch, with exultation, to exclaim,  
“I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he  
shall stand, at the latter day, upon the earth;  
and though after my skin, worms destroy this  
body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I  
shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall be-  
hold and not another.”

Great were the advantages which those, who  
professed the light of that Revelation, enjoyed  
above the best and wisest of the heathen phi-  
losophers; but greater, far greater, the privi-  
lege of those, who are permitted to behold the  
completion of that Revelation which God de-  
signed to communicate to man; “which thing  
the angels desired to look into.” Whatever,  
therefore, might have been the decisions of  
reason, antecedently, respecting the immortali-  
ty of the human soul, and a future life; or  
however vague and indefinite, in general, the  
notions of those may have been, with respect  
to that state of being, who were Moses’ disci-  
ples; light has been communicated by the  
Gospel sufficiently clear to satisfy every just  
anticipation, and as great, perhaps, as our pre-  
sent imperfect and limited capacities are fitted  
to receive.

It may be acknowledged, however, and it is  
indeed plain to every careful observer, (what-  
ever the particular subject under consideration  
may be,) that the Scriptures of truth were not  
designed to gratify useless speculation; but, as  
a practical guide through the wilderness, they  
are sufficiently luminous for every traveller  
that is not loitering by the way, and point, with  
such distinctness and accuracy, the path to  
that “house which is not made with hands,  
eternal in the heavens,” that “a wayfarer  
man, though a fool, shall not err therein.”—  
And, notwithstanding the proposed belief of  
some who lived under the dispensation of Mo-  
ses to the contrary, no man that ever pre-  
tended to receive, as a divine revelation, the  
New Testament, could, with any kind of  
consistency, question the certainty of a future  
state of existence, or the blessedness of the  
righteous. But whilst the general fact itself  
has been constantly recognized by every sincere  
believer in the gospel, it is highly possible, and  
indeed probable, that mistaken notions, to a  
considerable extent, prevail with respect to  
the nature of that happiness, and the manner  
in which it will be actually realized.

Among other erroneous conceptions which  
are formed in relation to this subject, it is ap-  
prehended a prevalent mistake consists in at-  
tributing future blessedness, in too extensive  
a degree, to arbitrary bestowment, without a  
sufficient reference to its enjoyment to the nat-  
ural consequence of, and as existing in propor-  
tion to, the state of individual character or  
capacity. This mistake seems to arise in part  
from not sufficiently attending to the nature of  
present experience, and to the way in which  
happiness is now enjoyed by intelligent beings  
formed with capacities like our own. We know  
from present experience, or at least, every one  
that reflects, for a moment, may be convinced,  
that happiness is enjoyed through the medium  
of consciousness, or the power which we have  
of perceiving and being made sensible of the  
emotions and affections of our own minds.—  
From this perception arises the internal peace  
and satisfaction of every one who is truly virtu-  
ous, and from the same perception arises the  
uneasiness and misery of every wicked and un-  
renewed mind; “the wicked are like the  
troubled sea when it cannot rest for the waves  
thereof; there is no peace, saith my God, to  
the wicked.” It is evidently agreeable to rea-  
son and Scripture, and, it is apprehended, ac-  
cords equally with the experience of every in-  
dividual, that this inward peace and satisfac-  
tion, constituting the essential happiness of the  
soul, is enjoyed, and actually realized, in exact  
proportion to the degree of sanctification or  
purity which any individual has attained.

It is not denied that there are moments  
in the experience of real believers when they  
are favored, through the special influences of  
the spirit, with the enjoyment of gracious affec-  
tions in a more powerful manner than ordinar-  
ily; but these enjoyments, in general, are tran-  
sient: what we now speak of is the peace and  
happiness constantly enjoyed; besides, that  
these seasons of special enjoyment are more  
frequently realized by, and that it is believed  
also in proportion to, the prevailing state of the  
sanctification of the soul. If this representa-  
tion be correct, there seems no sufficient rea-  
son to imagine that happiness will be enjoyed  
in a future state, and in a continuation of the  
same being, in a manner different to that in  
which it is experienced by believers now, and,  
indeed, by any intelligent being formed like  
ourselves. We say, not in a manner essen-  
tially different; for various circumstances may  
and doubtless will contribute to increase the  
degree of happiness which, as they may be easi-  
ly conceived, and are familiar to the mind, it  
is unnecessary here to enlarge upon. But it  
would appear contrary to all analogy, and the  
universal method of procedure in the divine  
government, as far at least as we have any  
opportunity of tracing its operation, to sup-  
pose that the happiness of any intelligent agent  
would be otherwise than in exact accordance  
with the previous capacity (consisting in the  
moral purification of the soul) for its enjoy-  
ment. If the happiness of intelligent beings  
now were in its nature arbitrary, unconnected  
with, and independent of, the moral condition  
of the soul, then it might be reasonable to ex-  
pect a similar accession of happiness in a fu-  
ture state of being. But if all the experience  
we have, as well as the plain testimony of the  
inspired volume, convinces us that happiness is  
enjoyed and experienced in proportion to the  
approximation of the soul to the image and  
likeness of God, then nothing would appear  
more absurd than such a supposition. And to  
imagine, that notwithstanding the various de-  
grees in which different individuals here, in  
fact, approximate to that likeness, and attain  
that moral elevation, one sweeping act of the  
divine administration shall at death place them  
all upon exactly the same level, is opposed not  
merely, as is observed above, to all analogy and  
reason, but evidently to our notions at least, of  
righteousness and truth.

The perfection of a righteous moral govern-  
ment consists in the apportionment and distri-  
bution of good and evil, in exact accordance  
with the several qualifications or states of moral  
condition of its subjects, and, in the case be-  
fore us, the conviction that such an adjustment  
will finally be made, is, it is apprehended, fully  
justified, by the nature of the divine attributes,  
abstractedly considered by the express testimo-  
ny of the mind and will of God, and by the na-  
ture of that happiness which is enjoyed by in-  
tellectual moral agents, and the manner in which it  
is experienced.

And let it not be supposed that there is any  
thing here advanced, which is really opposed to  
the notion of divine sovereignty, or to the recep-  
tion of every spiritual good, and as the free gift  
of God for the sake of Christ, and abounding  
through Him to them who were originally alie-  
nated altogether by wicked works, and though  
subsequently brought into his fold, yet still, to  
a great extent, correctly described, as those  
“that are unthankful and evil.”

There is, however, an inseparable connex-  
ion plainly established by the Word of God,  
whatever the vain speculations of men may  
maintain to the contrary, between the exercise  
of divine and absolute sovereignty and human  
effort, and no individual can separate them ei-  
ther theoretically or practically, without injury  
to the symmetry and harmony of divine truth,  
on the one hand, and without serious danger to  
the interests of his spiritual state on the other.  
The whole economy of the divine government,  
whether natural or spiritual, is evidently adapted  
to produce the happiness and moral im-  
provement of its subjects,—not by arbitrary  
acts, independent of individual exertion, but by  
mutual co-operation, as workers together; and  
whilst the effective agency is derived from God  
alone, the result is secured only by diligent and  
persevering continuance in well doing; nor is  
there any reason to imagine that this method  
will ever be changed.

The objections commonly urged against this  
doctrine, it is apprehended, proceed in part  
from mistaken views of divine sovereignty, from  
ignorance of, or inattention to, the nature and  
method of the divine government, in relation  
to rational and accountable beings, and per-  
haps, frequently from the false suggestions of  
our depraved natures, which, from the love of  
ease, inherent in them, are strongly disposed  
to ascribe the perfection of future blessedness  
wholly to an act of divine sovereignty, as leav-  
ing ourselves, in some measure, free from the  
necessity of individual exertion. But, from  
whatever source they may proceed, no method  
seems so well calculated to secure the great-  
est amount of happiness,—consisting in the in-  
trinsic elevation of intelligent beings, in the  
promotion of the divine glory,—as finally ex-  
hibited to the universe in the individual virtue  
and excellence of moral agents. Christianity  
(or the scheme in general, which the scriptures  
reveal as the method which God has ordained,  
and carried into execution, for the recovery  
of that part of the human race which his wis-  
dom and benevolence had decreed, from the  
ruin of the fall,) is a scheme, which was the  
result of infinite wisdom and counsel; and as  
the means by which that deliverance was ac-

complished, could have been comprehended  
and executed only by an Infinite Being, so ev-  
ery part of that scheme, and the results to be  
ultimately brought forth, partake of the same  
wisdom and will contain a clear exhibition of  
the same glory and power. Whilst the free-  
dom of divine sovereignty, and the riches of  
Almighty Grace are eminently displayed, and  
will be eternally glorified in the salvation of  
believers, no stimulus is wanting, no motive is  
withheld, which could contribute to elevate the  
character, or to increase the intrinsic excel-  
lence, of the partakers of that grace. Let not  
any one, therefore, suppose, that Christianity is  
a scheme, which, while it is rich in the exercise  
of goodness and power, is deficient in provid-  
ing the sources of individual virtue.

The practical instruction, then, which these  
observations are more particularly designed to  
enforce, is the necessity and propriety of “for-  
getting those things which are behind, and  
reaching forth unto those which are before,  
even to the mark of the prize of our high call-  
ing of God in Christ Jesus.” Let us not be  
satisfied with the bare hope of entering into  
heaven, but let us rather emulate, and aspire  
after nearer approximations to the perfection  
of holiness, which is the perfection of happi-  
ness. Since such an expenditure has been in-  
curred, let advances be made in return, which  
may, in some degree, be commensurate with  
the anticipations which might justly have been  
formed. Since such an accumulation of good  
is presented to the view of Christians, in the  
hopes of the everlasting Gospel, may it not be  
in vain, to that extent in which it too frequ-  
ently is, that such exalted prospects of happi-  
ness are proposed? Christ sits upon the throne of  
universal government, and is now exalted “far  
above all principality and powers;” but it  
became even Him, as the captain of salvation,  
“to be made perfect through sufferings;”  
and if a course of moral discipline was seen  
fit and expedient, in relation to Him, who  
was placed beyond the reach, even of liability  
to evil, and who possessed within himself the  
springs of everlasting happiness; let us not  
think it strange that such a process should be  
necessary for ourselves; but whatever may be  
the appointed means, let us see that the end is  
accomplished, in the taking away of sin, and in  
the nearer assimilation of our spirits to him,  
“who did no sin, neither was guile found in  
his mouth;” so shall we be permitted at once  
to increase the manifestation of the divine glo-  
ry, and to rejoice in a larger and more exalted  
measure of happiness.—*London Baptist Mag-  
azine.*

### LAST MOMENTS OF MAOAE, A CONVERTED PROPHET OF Eimeo.

The following interesting account of the last  
moments of Maoae, is from a letter of Rev.  
J. M. Ormond, one of the Missiona-  
ries of the London Society, stationed at  
Griffin Town, on the island of Eimeo, 12  
miles west of Otaheite:—

The Gospel of Jesus, indeed, is no fic-  
tion. It drives ignorance from the mind, and  
enlightens our passage to the tomb; points to  
a glorious immortality, and shows to whom it is  
ensured. Maoae, who has lately quitted this  
world of sorrow, was one of those whose of-  
fice it was to rally dispirited warriors. Whole  
nights he used to walk from house to house,  
to stimulate the halting, and give assurance from  
what some God had told him, of success in an  
approaching war. From the day of his embrac-  
ing the Gospel till the day of his death, he  
maintained a profession, which even the tongue  
of envy could not impeach. He was an orna-  
ment to the little sphere in which he acted. From  
the hands of our respected brother Henry, he  
received the ordinance of baptism; but he has  
been a member with us ever since I came to  
Griffin Town; and, from his intimate acquaint-  
ance with his language and country, I have  
been on the most familiar terms with him, and  
have seen him in all his relations. To the sa-  
cred ordinances of religion he always attended  
with apparent delight, and from his habit of  
treasuring up passages of scripture in his mind,  
though his eyes were so bad that he could not  
read, he had obtained a sound knowledge of  
the great and essential doctrines of the Gospel.  
Several times he appeared to be near his end,  
when I always found him happy. The bless-  
ing which maketh rich was upon him. He did  
not know, he said, nor did he feel, that death  
had a sting. At length, age and increased in-  
firmity brought him down. I often visited him,  
and never left him without observing the  
same placidity and contentment. Often did I  
feel shame to think that with all his privations,  
he never murmured in my hearing, while I, who  
am so much more comfortable, can hardly pass  
without. God forgive my sin! On seeing that  
his end was fast approaching, I said to him,  
“Maoae, are you sorry that you ever cast away  
the lying gods, by which you used to gain so  
much property?” He was aroused from his  
lethargy, and tears of pleasure sparkled in his  
eyes, while with vehemence, he said, “Oh, no,  
Otamoni!—oh, no, no, no. What! Can I be  
sorry for casting away death for life?—Whole  
nights I walked about to encourage others in  
the devil’s work, and had well nigh lost my  
own soul. I wonder that I was not levelled by  
club or spear before I heard of the name of the  
Messiah. He is my great rock, the fortification  
wherein my soul takes shelter from all foes.”

I said, “Tell me on what you build your  
hopes of future bliss?” He said, “I am a vile  
man—my life has been vile; but a great king  
sent his ambassadors from the other side of the

islands to our shores, with terms of peace. We  
continued to fight, nor could we tell what these  
ambassadors wanted, for many years. At  
length Pomah obtained a victory—ordered all  
maraes to be broken up, and invited all his sub-  
jects to come and take shelter under the wing  
of Jesus, of whom those ambassadors spake,  
and who had given them the victory. I  
was one of the first to do so. The blood of Je-  
sus is my foundation. You tell us that it is the  
only way to God. I believe that Jesus will  
save me. He is my staff now. What I grieve  
at is, that all my children do not love him.—  
Had they known the distress we used to feel  
at the reign of the devil, they would be glad  
to take the gospel in exchange for their follies.—  
Jesus is the best king: he gives a pillow with-  
out thorns.” Here he seemed overcome.

A little after, I said, “Maoae, are you afraid  
to die?” “No, no,” he replied with almost  
youthful energy; “the ship is in the sea, the  
sails are spread, she is ready. I have a good  
pilot, and a good landing place before me. My  
outside man and my inside man differ. Let  
the one rot till the trumpet blowing time; but  
let my soul go to the throne of the Messiah.”  
Here the tears gushed into my eyes; I thought  
myself by the side of some experienced Chris-  
tian in England, and said, in my heart, “In  
my last moments may I feel as happy as this  
poor Tahitian feels.”

Thrice blessed gospel,—thrice blessed peo-  
ple, who by means of Christian benevolence,  
are led to results so precious. Here is the  
one going down to the shades of death, sup-  
ported by a hope full of immortality, and say-  
ing, “But for English Christians, I had died  
a miserable slave of sin.” Will he not through  
eternity sing, Alleluia to God and the Lamb,  
because of the South Sea Mission?

### LETTER FROM CALCUTTA.

Extract of letter from Mr. Hervey, an Ameri-  
can Missionary.

It has been for several weeks past quite sick-  
ly in Calcutta. Intermittent and bilious fe-  
vers, the cholera, &c. have swept into eter-  
nity 1,500 or 2,000 souls a week! Native and  
European residents are more affected than  
strangers. Cart loads of dead bodies in coarse  
rough boxes, are often seen passing along the  
streets to be thrown into the Hoogley.

Europeans bury their dead. Natives of the  
higher castes, burn theirs; those of the lower  
castes who are too poor to be at the expense of  
burning theirs, throw them into the river, with  
all such as have lost their estate.

In coming up the river, I saw several corpses  
floating on the surface of the water, upon one  
of which 4 or 5 crows were feasting. The city  
is almost literally alive with crows, kites, and  
a large kind of bird called Adjutants, and at night  
Jackalls venture into town. These are all the  
scavengers of the city. It is against the law  
to kill any of the birds; and if I mistake not,  
Jackalls have legal protection. Hence they all  
become very tame. Crows often steal meat  
from the cook houses, and from children’s  
hands. The Jackall is much like a fox, but  
considerably larger. They go in droves, and  
scream and halloo almost exactly like noisy chil-  
dren, just out of school.

Calcutta is about 15 miles in circumference  
and contains from half a million to 810,000  
souls. The European population is from 6 to  
10,000, mostly English. Such a heterogeneous  
race of beings I never saw before, as are  
seen in these streets. Here are people from  
almost every nation under heaven, dressed in  
their own native costume, and exhibiting their  
own peculiar manners. The natives of the  
lower castes are entirely naked except a nar-  
row strip of cloth around the waist. Their fea-  
tures are generally good, not as dark as a Ne-  
gro’s but nearly. Their moral condition is tru-  
ly deplorable. But the Gospel, which alone  
can alleviate them may be considered as al-  
ready established here, and its influence is to  
some extent felt through the city, and in parts  
of the country round.—*Philad. Chron.*

### PITCAIRN’S ISLAND.

The singular manner in which a colony of a  
mixed race was planted in this remote spot, is  
well known to the readers of this country; and  
great interest has been felt in every account  
we have received from it from time to time.—  
The peculiar simplicity of manners, and purity  
of habits which the first visitors found among  
them, offered a beautiful picture of what the  
precepts of Christianity may produce, and even  
amidst many unfavourable circumstances. Adams,  
a reformed pirate, with the bible in his  
hand, and inculcating the fine principles he  
had heard in his youth, to the unprejudiced  
minds of the infants of the colony, soon moulded  
the little community into such a form as he  
desired; and the strangers who visited his  
island, found such a state of moral purity as  
was not to be met with in other places. They  
have since been in danger of corruption from  
the more frequent intercourse with strangers  
of different nations; and those who have felt  
interested in their welfare, have almost feared  
to be informed of the results. We have lately  
learned one fact in relation to them, which  
we hope may in the end prove highly advan-  
teous to them. Capt. Wilcox, of the whaling  
ship Maria Theresa, arrived at New Bedford,  
informs that while at Otaheite, the English  
transport ship Lucian arrived there with all the  
inhabitants of Pitcairn’s island, with the pur-  
pose of fixing them in a settlement at Otaheite,  
on account of a scarcity of water at the former  
island.

It appears, however, says the Mercury, that  
the idea has formerly occurred of the popula-  
tion of the island increasing beyond the means  
of subsistence to be afforded by so small a spot.  
In Capt. Beechey’s voyage to the Pacific, re-  
cently published, mention is made of a letter  
addressed to Capt. B. by Mr. John Buffet, the  
clergyman of the colony, in which he describes  
the natives as being all satisfied at present with  
their little island, which they do not wish to  
leave; which remark he thinks it right to make  
in consequence of his having received a letter  
from Mr. Mott, missionary, saying that a ship  
was coming to remove the inhabitants of Pit-  
cairn’s island to Otaheite, or some other of the  
Friendly Islands. It is hoped that the pure  
and virtuous habits of the colony may not be  
affected by the removal.—*N. Y. D. Ads.*

### REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN HOLLAND.

The late political events in the Netherlands  
appear to have produced a very salutary effect  
upon the minds of many of the people of Hol-  
land. A correspondent of the Archives du  
Christianisme, says,—

“Our churches are better filled than they  
were. A national fast is loudly demanded,  
also, the appointment of houses and days of  
prayer, and that the people should, *en masse*,  
confess their sins, and the sins of their fathers.  
But this desire has met with opposition from  
persons of influence, both in church and state,  
who do not own the hand of God in the events  
of this world. The work has commenced among  
many classes, and in the hearts of many indi-  
viduals; but nothing has yet been decided.—  
Among the pamphlets published, many are of  
a religious complexion; one has for its object  
to render all the Hollanders attentive to the  
promises and threatenings of God, and another  
is addressed to pastors, and invites them in  
these trying times, to hold meetings for special  
prayer.”

### POPEY IN IRELAND—REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

The efforts of the Baptist Irish Society to in-  
struct the youth and peasantry in Ireland in the  
Scriptures, have roused the deadly hostility of  
the papists, and several murders have been com-  
mitted by them, and probably through the insti-  
gation of their priests. The London Baptist  
Magazine gives an account of a Mr. Sygne,  
who was fired at by four assassins, and from  
whom five balls were extracted after the at-  
tack. The Bible that had been the means of  
saving his soul, was the means of saving his life  
under the divine protection; the balls that would  
have killed him were stopped by two Bibles  
which he had with him; the one in his breast  
pocket prevented a ball from going through his  
breast—it having perforated the Bible and lodg-  
ed in the flesh near the heart—the other ball  
which would have taken a mortal effect, was  
stopped by the Bible in his lower pocket. He  
is represented as one of the best men in the  
world. He expends about £4000 a year, in  
clothing, feeding, and instructing the poor in a  
very remote part of the county of Clare. He  
was in the habit of depriving himself of every  
earthly enjoyment, in order that he might give  
to the wretched and ignorant.

His servant, a lad who had been educated in  
one of the Society’s schools, and was his com-  
panion at this time, was mortally wounded, and  
rejoiced that it was himself who must die, in-  
stead of his master, who would do so much  
good.

### ENGLISH NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

It was stated at the general meeting, that  
during the last year, 328 schools had been re-  
ceived into union with the National Society,  
making a present total of 2,937 schools; and  
£6,643 had been voted in aid of building  
school rooms in 104 places, the total expense  
of which is estimated at £20,000. It is cal-  
culated that there cannot be less in England and  
Wales, than 700,000 children receiving instruc-  
tion under the care of the clergy.—*Athenaeum.*

### SAYINGS OF JOHN NEWTON.

Mr. Newton was a great observer of Provi-  
dence, even in little things. “It may seem of  
small consequence,” said he one day to a friend,  
“whether, in returning from hence, you go up  
Cateaton street, or down the Old Jewry; yet  
in going one way or the other, you may meet a  
person capable of serving you; and this circum-  
stance may have an effect on all your future  
life.”

He lamented the evils he saw around him;  
but he did not like to meddle where he saw he  
could do no good. “I,” said he once, lifting  
up his fist, “I have tried to make crooked things  
straight, till I have made these knuckles sore;  
and now I must leave it to the Lord.”

Speaking of the importance of motives, he  
would say, “If I wanted a man to fly, I must  
furnish him with wings; and thus, if I would  
successfully enforce moral duties, I must advance  
evangelical motives.”

I should have thought mowers very idle peo-  
ple; but they work while they wait their  
scythes. Now devotedness to God, whether it  
mows, or whets the scythe, still goes on with  
the work.

*Ancient Memorials.*—We find it stated in our  
late English papers, that a tassellated Roman  
pavement has recently been discovered in Lei-  
cester. It measures 20 feet by 17. The tas-  
sels are very small, and exhibit a regular pat-  
tern, divided into octagonal compartments, rich-  
ly embordered with wreaths, &c., within which  
are devices of great variety and beauty. It is  
supposed to have been 1,600 years in exist-  
ence.

## LAST DAYS OF REV. ROBERT HALL.

[From a Pamphlet by J. M. Chandler, his attending Physician.]

It is generally known, that throughout life, or at least from early youth, Mr. Hall was subject to acute pain in the back. When it is considered that this long-continued affliction was ascertained to have been occasioned by renal calculi, of a very singular if not unique conformation, it is surprising that his expression of suffering should have been so feeble, and his endurance of it so patient; but that under the severe goadings of these actual thorns in the flesh, he should rise superior to pain, and actually derive from it an additional excitement to his accustomed eloquence in preaching, and deliver on such occasions some of the richest and most brilliant of his discourses, was as strikingly illustrative of the order of his mind, as it is signally demonstrative of the perennial resources of Christianity.

It was discovered, in the posthumous research, that disease had commenced in the bones of the spine, about the lower part of the back and loins; and has been ascertained, that, when a child, he manifested the symptoms of this disorder. As it was checked before it became too deep-seated, it has been suggested, perhaps not improbably, that the pain and irritation occasioned by the formation of the calculi in the kidney, became a counteracting means of a remedial tendency, and that to this cause we may possibly have been much indebted for his conservation to the world.

Our esteemed friend was subject, during the last five or six years of his life, to sudden attacks of difficult breathing. These attacks, consisting of labored circulation of the blood through the lungs, produced more of terrific agony than of positive pain—a feeling as of impending dissolution, and that in one of its severest modes. So great was his distress, that he has often said to me, during and after an attack, that he could more easily suffer seven years unabated continuance of the pain in his back, acute as it was, than one half-hour of the conflict within his chest.

His attacks became more formidable in January, 1828, when he sustained one more than ordinarily serious, just as he was setting out from home to administer the Lord's Supper to his church, by which he was prevented from attending. In March, 1830, on a similar occasion, he had another and a more alarming seizure, in the vestry of the meeting-house, which prevented him from officiating, and obliged him to return home. From this time, there has been observed, by myself, as also by other friends, a very visible progressive advance in disease, increasing with a rapidity which could not but alarm, as it indicated a crisis at no very distant time.

It has been increasingly delightful to witness, amongst the most unequivocal signs of an augmenting fatal disease, a remarkable advance in simplicity of mind and devotional ardor; qualities, indeed, conspicuously characteristic before, but now far more beautifully expressed. Our beloved pastor manifested, in his declining days, such a finish of Christian courtesy and dignified deportment, combining such genuine lowliness of heart with such true sublimity of mind, as evidenced him to be rapidly ripening, and nearly ready for the ingathering.

The last few months of his life were singularly marked by a heavenly fervor in devotional exercises, both in the family and in the church, in which he would bear upon his heart the cases of all those who needed special intercession, with such minuteness and propriety, such affection, and such elegant delicacy of feeling, as tended, above all his other great and shining talents, to endear him to our hearts when living, as they will chiefly embalm him in our memories now that he is removed. This state of mind was so much appreciated in his family, that almost the first thought of his afflicted widow, after recovering from the shock occasioned by his disease, was, that she had lost his family prayers.

The last time of Mr. Hall's attendance at Broadmead, was at our church-meeting on Wednesday, February 9th. His concluding prayer on that occasion, was singularly spiritual and elevated. Standing unconsciously, as he did, on the limits of time and eternity, he diffused, whilst breathing his last public sacrifices of the lip a most gracious influence over all our minds. Our beloved pastor had, for some time past, evinced a peculiar anxiety respecting the poorer part of his flock—and on a recent occasion he had publicly expressed his concern that they did not make themselves more familiar, by giving him more frequent invitations; telling them that he should feel even greater pleasure in visiting them than others, who could afford him more substantial entertainment. He referred to this subject with me, and spoke of some length, begging he might be informed of any whom I knew to be ill or in trouble, and expressed in general his full intention of visiting the sick and afflicted more assiduously. Nor was there the least occasion for all this anxiety. He was never known to withhold sympathy from any because of worldly inferiority; on the contrary, he was more liable to the opposite extreme, of suffering himself to be misled by the plaints of assumed distrust. But the concern manifested for the wants and feelings of the poorer part of his church, evidenced only a progression in degree, of that Christian spirit, of that pure and holy charity, with which his entire character had been so illustriously adorned.

Lord's day morning, February 13th, I visited him in conjunction with another medical friend. I found he had passed a dreadful night, suffering the acutest pain in the back in unusual combination with the most agonizing distress in the chest. The two affections were in their results most torturing; the one requiring constant recumbency, which directly aggravated the other; whilst the erect posture necessary to a mitigation of the agony of difficult respiration, was incompatible with his sufferings in the back. Having been kept for many hours in constant vibration between these opposite efforts at relief, and unrelieved by the usual and even unusual doses of opium, he was dejected

and sunk to an alarming degree. Painful as it was to see a great and mighty spirit so prostrated by bodily infirmity, it was nevertheless edifying to witness the divine efficacy of Christian principle in sustaining an undeviating composure of mind. There was no murmuring, no repining, no irritable expression; but the most patient endurance of the most aggravated sufferings. To a friend, who visited him this day, he said, "Oh, my dear sir, I have suffered intense agony, but I have received unspeakable mercies—mercies unspeakable—unspeakable. I am the chief of sinners, and yet I have received the most abundant mercies."

Mr. Hall was much relieved on Monday, but remained exceedingly weak. On Tuesday, he had so revived that our hopes were sanguine, expecting that, as on former occasions, his paroxysms would subside, and leave him in a short time again capable of public duty.

On Friday, he remarked to the friend who sat up with him through the night, in reply to a question, "I have not one anxious thought, either for life or death. What I dread most are dark days. I have not had any yet: I hope I shall not have them."

On Saturday we were all summoned to witness a more violent attack than any preceding; during which his streaming, but almost ice-cold perspiration, and respiratory heavings, threatened the most imminent danger. From this state, however, he was gradually recovered; but remained a long time much exhausted. His voice was very feeble, often inaudible; but when heard it was generally to express his thanks to one and another of his family and friends, for their attentions.

About twelve o'clock he went to bed, and soon went into an apparently tranquil sleep. In this state he remained very quietly till toward one, when I perceived his chest beginning to heave. In a short time he awoke, and arose on his elbow, saying he must get up, and instantly sprang out of bed to obtain the relief to which the standing attitude was necessary. Almost immediately after gaining his usual position, as near as possible to the fire, a seizure of great severity, threatening to be suddenly fatal, succeeded. Becoming for a few moments insensible, bathed in cold perspirations, and pulseless, he sank down against me, sliding to the floor, so that I feared he would not rise again; but, having been with difficulty elevated on his feet, he recovered his recollection and volition, and threw his arm and weight across my shoulders, by which I was enabled to support him through an hour of intense suffering. When he was a little recovered, I asked him whether he felt much pain. He replied that his sufferings were great; "but what (he added) are my sufferings to the sufferings of Christ? his sufferings were infinitely greater: his sufferings were complicated; God has been very merciful to me—very merciful: I am a poor creature—an unworthy creature; but God has been very kind—very merciful." He then alluded to the character of the sufferings of crucifixion, remarking how intense and insufferable they must have been, and asked many minute questions on what I might suppose was the process by which crucifixion brought about death. He particularly inquired respecting the effect of pain—the nervous irritation—the thirst—the oppression of breathing—the disturbance of the circulation—and the hurried action of the heart, till the conversation gradually brought him to a consideration of his own distress; when he again reverted to the lightness of his sufferings when contrasted with those of Christ. He spoke of our Lord's enduring the contradiction of sinners against himself—of the ingratitude and unkindness he received from those for whom he went about doing good—of the combination of the mental and corporeal agonies sustained on the cross—the length of time during which our Lord hung—the exhaustion occasioned, &c. He then remarked how differently he had been situated; that though he had endured as much or more than fell to the lot of most men, yet all had been in mercy.

Soon after, he remarked, "I fear pain more than death. If I could die easily, I think I would rather die than live longer; for I have seen enough of the world, and I have a humble hope." Upon this, I intimated my wish that he might be spared to still greater usefulness; to which he replied, "I hope it may be so, sir, if I should be spared; but at any time of life, it is hardly probable I should recover from such an attack, to be of much use." In fact, there was nothing which Mr. Hall could be said to fear, but being laid aside from usefulness in declining life.

During the Lord's-day he had several sections read to him, from Campbell's Gospels—a book he had with him the whole of the week, and with which he seemed particularly pleased, taking great delight in hearing one or another of his family read.

On Monday, February 21, Mr. Hall seemed much more composed. On my entering his room early in the morning he rose on his elbow and immediately asked me, (not knowing that I had remained up,) if I had been well provided for, and if I had passed a comfortable night. He was thus attentive in his inquiries, to all who waited upon him, frequently expressing the most anxious concern for their comfort. The benevolent dispositions of his character were singularly displayed in this manner; so that however desirous his friends might have been of opportunities to show him kindness, they were invariably outdone in return. On my inquiring how he had passed the night, he said he had had a merciful night; he spoke lightly of his seizures, which had been four in number; and seemed altogether better. He soon, however, began to experience a more constant pain in the chest, and more permanent difficulty in breathing between the paroxysms, than he had done before; but remained tolerably free from more violent distress.

When his medical attendants met in consultation, between 12 and 1, Mr. Hall seemed altogether better, as far as external appearances indicated; though I could not myself feel convinced, by the aspect of his tongue, and his loathing of food, that his case was hopeless.

He expressed to us a strong desire to be dressed, for the sake of greater warmth; and he was, therefore, partially clothed, and reclined on the sofa. I left him between 1 and 2 o'clock in his usual position, leaning on his elbow, with apparently as much muscular vigor as ever.

In a very short time, and before I had reached home, I was summoned to behold the last agonizing scene of this great and extraordinary man. His difficulty of breathing had suddenly increased to a final and dreadful paroxysm. It seems this last paroxysm came on more gradually than was usual with those which preceded. Mr. Hall, finding his breathing becoming much worse, first rose more on his elbow, then raising his body, supporting himself with his hand, till the increasing agitation obliged him to rise completely on the sofa, and to place his feet in hot water—the usual means he resorted to for relief in every paroxysm. Mrs. Hall, observing a fixation of his eyes, and an unusual expression on his countenance, and indeed in his whole manner, became alarmed by the sudden impression that he was dying; and exclaimed in great agitation, "This cannot be dying!" when he replied, "It is death—death! Oh, the sufferings of this body!" Mrs. Hall then asking him, "But are you comfortable in your mind?" he immediately answered, "Very comfortable—very comfortable;" and exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus—Come." He then hesitated, as if incapable of bringing out the last word; and one of his daughters, involuntarily as it were anticipated him by saying, "Quickly!" on which her departing father gave her a look expressive of the most complacent delight.

On my asking him if he suffered much, he replied, "Dreadfully." The rapidly increasing gasping soon overpowered his ability to swallow, or to speak, except in monosyllables, few in number, which I could not recollect; but whatever might be the degree of his suffering, (and great it must have been,) there was no failure of his mental vigor or composure. Indeed, so perfect was his consciousness, that in the midst of these last agonies, he intimated to me very shortly before the close with his accustomed courteousness, a fear lest he should fatigue me by his pressure; and when his family, one after another gave way in despair, he followed them with sympathizing looks, as they were obliged to be conveyed from the room. This was his last voluntary movement; for immediately a general convulsion seized him, and he quickly expired.

It is not in my power adequately to represent the solemn and awful grandeur of this last scene; or our beloved pastor died from a failure of the vital powers of the heart, amidst the most vigorous energies of consciousness and volition; his placidity and complacency of spirit being in striking contrast with the wild and powerful convulsions of a frame yielding in its full strength. The last struggle was violent, but short. The pains of dying were extreme; but they were borne with genuine Christian magnanimity.

Never did our reverend pastor present a more softened, a more benignant majesty of deportment than in the last week of his life. In patience he possessed his soul; with calm solemnity he awaited the coming of his Saviour; with humble, but assured hope, he longed for the moment when he should be accounted worthy to stand before the Son of man. Emptied of self, he was lost in admiring contemplation of the mercies of God, in the great salvation. He was ever backward to speak of himself, or to dilate on his own individual experience. Truly humble and lowly, he saw himself not as seen and approved of man, but as he actually was in the sight of an all-searching, but merciful God. From him, we heard no unnecessary self-deprecations, nor self-exaltations; but he exercised a dispassionate view of circumstances in all their bearings on the eternal future. The closing scenes of his life brought out to view every thing that was excellent, freed from every trace of what might be regarded as corrupting. Every thing alloying seemed to be depositing in his material fabric, ready to be cast off; whilst all that was perfecting appeared to be accumulating in his mind, to fit him for his departure. I have never before seen, and scarcely shall I again witness, a death, in all its circumstances, so grand and impressive; so harmonious with his natural character, so consistent with his spiritual life.

## IN AN EPISCOPAL ASSOCIATION.

Letter received by Rev. G. T. BEDELL, of Philadelphia, and communicated by him for the Episcopal Recorder, dated,

Williamsburgh, Va. June 17.

Respected and Dear Sir:—You know, I believe, that several of the ministers of our Lord Jesus Christ, promised when at the Convention in Norfolk, to visit us and hold an Association here. I know it will gladden your heart when I tell you they have done so, and "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He has visited and redeemed his people." Yes, they came in the spirit and power of the Lord, to an anxious people, in whose hearts the good seed had been sown by three successive faithful pastors, and they have reaped abundantly, I trust to the glory of God.—But they also have faithfully sowed much precious seed here; they preached for us five days in succession, at morning, noon, and night, and held a prayer-meeting every morning at six o'clock. The inhabitants of our city, without distinction of sect, flocked to the church as doves to their windows. We all worshipped our God with one heart, and one voice, from the rising to the setting of the sun—yes, after the stars were lit, and the lamp of night hung high in the firmament.

We had five ministers, including our dear Pastor, Dr. Empey, viz.:—Dr. Ducachet, from Norfolk, Mr. Grammar, from Dinwiddie, Mr. Lee, from Richmond, and Mr. Cole from Gloucester, who pleaded their Master's cause in the most eloquent, fervent, and affectionate manner—who prayed with and for us in the true spirit of devotion, and wept with brother-

ly affection over perishing souls. The Lord was with them, and that blessed Saviour whom they held up as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," the only one through whom we can be saved, was in the midst of us, imploring guilty and self-righteous men to accept of Him as a ransom for his sins, and his perfect righteousness as a garment of salvation. As many seemed inclined to accept the Saviour's gracious invitations, the ministers instituted the meetings for inquirers, nine of whom made up their minds to dedicate themselves to God—fourteen are impressed with the necessity of so doing, and six others have for the first time publicly devoted themselves to that beloved Redeemer, by partaking of the sacred memorials of His dying love.

Oh! it has been a blessed season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord—it is his work, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Some, like Saul of Tarsus, were smitten in a moment by the word of God. Others, like the penitent Magdalene, seemed as though they would wash the Saviour's feet with their tears. And many sat like Mary, considering the "one thing needful." The young men of our college (William and Mary,) paid the most respectful attention to the preaching, and appeared to feel the truths they learned. The ministers expressed the pleasure they felt at their correct deportment, and continually offered to God the most fervent prayers in behalf of both students and professors, and we trust the day will come when their prayers shall be answered in tender mercy. Our beloved pastor is filled with gratitude to God for the extraordinary gift of his Holy Spirit to his flock, and now sees an answer to the prayer, "O Holy Ghost, sanctifier of the faithful, visit, we pray thee, this congregation with thy love and favor," &c.—which he has offered up every Sabbath, (I believe,) since he took charge of us. Christians appear to be stirred up to greater love for their God, and their immortal fellow creatures, and to a thirsting for righteousness in themselves. The careless arrested on the brink of destruction, seem to be solemnly reflecting on their awful situation. And those hesitating are disposed no longer to halt between two opinions, but resolve that they will serve the Lord. And even some of our dear little children are weeping and praying.

In the Methodist church, also, in this city, there has been a revival of religion, and numbers are daily kneeling at the altar, and while we rejoice for what God has done for our own church, we would praise Him for what He has done for our brethren too, and be thankful to see sinners become Christians of any orthodox church. We thank our dear Pastor, and we thank the ministers who have lately been amongst us, for all the good they have so diligently been laboring to do us, and we pray that whilst they are watering others with the Water of Life, their own souls, and their families and flocks may be nurtured with copious showers of heavenly grace. But powerless is the arm of flesh without the blessing of God, and unto him would we render the first, and highest notes of praise. "Glory, honor, praise and power, be unto the Lamb for ever." And oh! that all our friends and neighbors would re-echo these notes of praise, and make the name of the Lord Jesus Christ their refuge, and their resting place.

For the Christian Secretary.

MR. EDITOR,

I have for sometime been looking forward to the anniversary of the Connecticut Branch of the Baptist General Tract Society. Our brethren in the State have heretofore manifested an interest in that concern which I trust will not be soon discouraged. I thought I discovered at the last annual meeting of the Convention, some striking indications bespeaking the progress of feeling and of action, in relation to all the good things which came before the brethren. Missions, Sunday Schools, Education Societies, &c. were considered with humble zeal, and nothing was wanting perhaps, but one or two days more of time, to render these subjects powerful in their impressions on our minds, and fruitful in their effects upon our energies.

But the subject of the Tract Society seems to be or to have been considered of sufficient importance to require a separate season for attendance on its concerns, and truly the present state of Zion in this country, and more particularly the present state of thousands who are far from Zion, fully justifies the importance we have attached to the Tract Society. I rejoice to learn that our dear brother Palmer, of Norwich, and some others have taken an interest in the cause which is so worthy of the heart that feels for sinners. I hope the notice of the precise time and place of meeting will appear soon, and I have some reason to hope that attendance will be realized from different parts of the state; and I have more than a hope that the General Agent from Philadelphia will visit us.

O may the General Agent from Heaven, the Holy Spirit be with us, and solemnly impress our hearts with the worth of immortal souls, and the importance of disseminating "line upon line, and precept upon precept," among the perishing in our country, and abroad.

LITTLE WING.

## USEFULNESS OF TRACTS.

From the Sixth Report of the Am. Tract Society.

## REVIVALS OF RELIGION PROMOTED BY TRACTS.

Revival of Religion in a moral waste, occasioned by Tracts.

The Secretary of the Auxiliary at M—, New York, says, one of our members, after having read her Tracts, sent them into a destitute town where no religious meetings were held, and few, if any, religious books read.—They were received with such eagerness, that neighborhoods collected together to hear them read, and for lack of hymn books, sung the hymns on the covers of the Tracts. A revival of religion commenced very soon, and when we

last heard, a powerful work of grace was in progress.

## The Tract "To Day," found in a Garret.

A young lady in the city of New York, on her examination for admission to the church, gave in substance, the following relation:—A few months since, being in one of the upper rooms of her dwelling, her eye caught the title of the tract "To-Day" as it lay among some rubbish on the floor. She took it in her hand, and felt inclined to peruse it; but hesitated, thinking she might defer it to a more "convenient season." She however resolved to read it. As she proceeded, her mind was overwhelmed with a sense of her own great sinfulness, and of the necessity of applying at once to Christ for pardon and salvation. She formed the solemn purpose of dedicating herself to the Lord, and saw that To-Day was the Saviour's appointed time. In that upper room, without leaving it, she trusted God, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit on that alarming and pungent Tract. She is now in full communion with the Church, and gives gratifying evidence of real piety.

## The Tract "Bible above all Price," and the "Age of Reason."

[An anecdote for those who think Tracts useful only to Children.]

In a remote part of my congregation, writes a clergyman of Virginia, there lives a man of great wealth, but who has been entirely without God in the world. Not long since, he received from a member of our church, the third volume of Tracts. He read one or two of them, and the impression made on his mind was so great, that he began to think of the salvation of his soul. He read a third, and sent to know if the other volumes could be obtained. Being informed that they could not for some months, he said to one of his family: "I will shut up the book now, and read but one Tract a day—I will get through the book too soon." When he came to Dr. Payson's Tract, "The Bible above all Price, (No. 71.)" he said, "It ought to be written in letters of gold. I have read the 'Age of Reason' until I believed the Bible to be a tissue of falsehoods—now I believe it to be the word of God." This gentleman has ever since been a regular attendant on public worship; and many of those who are interested in his spiritual welfare, have hope that a work of Divine grace has been begun in his soul.

## CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, JULY 30, 1831.

We request the attention of our friends to the notice on a preceding column of the Con. Branch of the Baptist General Tract Society. This is truly a period of action, as well as of desire; a period when we are called upon to do, as well as to pray; a period when our prayers and our alms may ascend together, with a well grounded hope of a blessed return. We have every encouragement to disseminate Tracts. Few, we hope none of our readers doubt the benefit of circulating truth in this way; we have had the fullest demonstration of the happiest results in almost innumerable instances; & some of our friends have recently been brought to believe in Christ as their Redeemer, whose attention was fixed on the subject of Religion, by the reading of tracts. Indeed almost every month brings to us a knowledge of particular cases of their blessed effects. Within some months past, numbers not a few have been brought, within the limits of this state, to rejoice in Christ. Are not some of these—are not many—desirous to show their faith by their works? Are they not wishing to make some return for the blessings so profusely vouchsafed to them? We do not doubt that many will make an affirmative response. To such is now presented a favourable opportunity of gratifying their wishes.

A notice of the time and place of meeting may be found below; and although the notice is short, we respectfully suggest to Pastors the expediency of calling the attention of their several congregations to this subject. Although the attendance of members at the annual meeting is desirable; when they cannot attend, money may be forwarded to the agent, brother Joseph W. Dimock. A Constitution for auxiliary societies was published in this paper of Jan. 4, 1830; but which needs a little alteration, which will immediately be noticed by the reader, to fit it for the use of auxiliaries to the Connecticut branch, with a Depository at Hartford.

## PIONEER AND WESTERN BAPTIST.

The editor and proprietor of the above publications, has united them in one, to be published semi-monthly, on a handsome medium sheet. Few parts in this country, we believe, are doing more for the Baptist denomination, or for the cause of our common christianity, than the Rev. J. M. Peck. Having been for a number of years an active Missionary, in places not far from his present residence, and having formed extensive acquaintance with men and things, he was the first to propose and the most assiduous in founding a Literary Seminary at Rock Spring, Illinois, in which he has been an Instructor; but his health has failed, owing to almost incessant labors, of from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, for several months. A vacation of the School has commenced, which is to continue till fall, when an instructor is expected from the Eastward.

We think the plan of uniting the two publications a good one, and hope that he will be fully sustained in his exertions to enlighten the ignorant, and to expose the errors of Campbell, and all others who are exerting an injurious influence at the West. The price of the above publication is \$1 25, per annum.

We learn by the Stonington Phoenix, that the body of a man, and a horse, were lately found in a pond, about ten miles from New London, on the road to Colchester. Measures are taken to unravel it.

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THE Board of ist Convention ed meeting of Meeting House the 10th day of

July 29, 1831.

From

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RETRY.

July 30, 1831.

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On the afternoon of Thursday last, a barn belong-

ing to Deac. A. M. Collins, in the rear of his house

in Asylum street, was destroyed by fire. By the

exertions of fire companies and citizens generally, a

barn adjoining was preserved. The fire is supposed

to have been occasioned by a cracker or segar.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Taken inadvertently, the Board of the Connecticut Baptist Convention fixed upon their next quarterly Meeting at Willimantic, on the day after the annual Meeting of the Con. Baptist Tract Society at Bristol.

By the consent of the Bristol friends, it is therefore concluded to remove the annual Meeting of the Tract Society to Willimantic.

It will be held at the Baptist Meeting-House on Tuesday, August 9th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Brother E. Cushman is appointed to preach the annual sermon in the evening, and Br. Russell Jennings in case of failure. A full attendance is earnestly requested. JOHN BRADDOCK, Sec'y.

#### NOTICE.

THE Board of Managers of the Connecticut Baptist Convention are hereby notified that an adjourned meeting of the Board will be held in the Baptist Meeting House at Willimantic Falls, on Wednesday the 10th day of August, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN COOKSON.

July 29, 1831.

From the Connecticut Observer.

#### RETREAT FOR THE INSANE.

Report of the Medical Visitors, May, 1831.

In recording the results of observations made at the Retreat during the past year, the Visitors are happy to declare that it has been conducted to their entire satisfaction.

The accommodations for the Insane have been gradually improved—the same devotion to their wants, the same attention to their tenderness and safety, the same exercise of skill in their treatment guided by an enlarged experience, have served to alleviate sufferings, and cure diseases, for which individual efforts could have provided no successful remedy.

From the report of the Physicians it appears, that there have been 72 patients at the Retreat during the past year; 24 of these were recent cases, of which 22 have been restored, one is convalescent, and the other much improved. Of the 48 old cases, and the other much improved, and only 23 have been under curative treatment, and only 23 have been restored, and 16 improved. The of those 6 have been placed in the Institution for the purpose of preserving them from danger, and supplying them with comforts for which in their present foreign condition, they must look elsewhere in vain.

A result like this must be cheering to the patrons of the Institution, and grateful to those who have placed relatives and friends under its paternal influence.

The Visitors are not unmindful of that part of their instructions which requires them to designate abuses, if any fall under their observation. No instance of neglect—no instance of harsh treatment—no case of abuse of any description has fallen under our inspection, no complaints have reached our ears, and we are persuaded that no just grounds for complaint have existed. Neatness and order are indicated in every part of the establishment; and kindness and vigilance are exacted from every attendant.

These facts should be recorded in justice to our Matron and Steward, whose time and faculties are devoted to the welfare of the Retreat, and the comfort of its inmates. It is needless to repeat what has been already said of the Physician. The united testimony of patients and friends constitute a memorial of his kindness, and the success which has crowned his exertions will be enduring monuments of his skill and professional worth.

It is now seven years since the Retreat was first established, and it must be acknowledged that it has showered blessings upon this community, which its most ardent friends dared not anticipate. There have been in the course of that time admitted 293 patients. Many of these had been for years deprived of reason, and the period of their recovery had gone by. But even these have received no common benefit from the Institution. They have been kept from harm; while their friends and relatives have been spared from anxieties which exceed all others; and neighborhoods which formerly suffered from the ravages of insanity have been admitted of which number, 133, being more than nine-tenths, have been restored to reason. It is not an extravagant calculation that three-fourths of these would have continued under the influence of mental derangement, if no establishment like the Retreat had been prepared for their reception.

It becomes the friends of humanity to rejoice at a result so grateful. It becomes the patrons of this Institution to be glad when they see their efforts doing so many fellow mortals from the dark regions of insanity, to mental illumination, to happiness and to usefulness. The tree which they have planted has already begun to bring forth fruit, and its vigorous growth gives promise of harvest which will be more and more abundant, so long as the human mind continues subject to those frailties which make shipwreck of reason.

All which is respectfully submitted by the Visitors.

SAMUEL B. WOODWARD,

GEORGE SUMNER,

J. L. CONSTOCK,

EDWARD P. TERRY,

RALPH GRIDLEY.

Resolved, That the Managers of the Retreat be authorized to admit indigent lunatics, being inhabitants of this State, whose disease has not exceeded three months, at two dollars per week provided the number of such persons in the Institution shall at no time exceed the number of ten. And provided also, that no individual shall remain in the Institution upon the said terms over three months.

Resolved, That before any indigent lunatic shall receive the benefit of this charity, a certificate shall be lodged with the managers, signed by a magistrate of the town in which the said lunatic resides, stating that from the evidence he has in his possession, he is of opinion that said indigent lunatic does not own property to the amount of one hundred dollars; and that his disease has not exceeded the period of three months.

#### General Intelligence.

Bloody Conflict in Poland—Advance of the Russians—Retreat of the Poles upon Warsaw.

FROM THE POLISH FRONTIER, May 29.—Accounts from the theatre of war state that the Polish Commander in Chief was attacked by Marshal Diebitsch on the 26th inst. at Ostrolenska, when a sanguinary battle ensued, in which the Russian army was victorious. Ostrolenska was taken by storm by the Russians with astounding bravery. The division of the Polish General Gielgud, which stood at Lomza, has been cut off by the movements and successes of the Russian army. The Poles acknowledge their own loss in killed and wounded to amount to 4,000 men. Among the killed are Generals Kieki and Kaminski, and a number of Staff Officers. The head quarters of the Polish Commander in Chief were on the 27th, again at Pultusk.

The following is an extract from a private letter received in London, dated

BRUSSEL, June 1.—It was lately my pleasing task to give you a slight sketch of the rapid and glorious triumphs of the Polish troops; but alas! the inconsistency of fortune is proverbial, and even the stupendous efforts of this little band of heroes proved insufficient to win her exclusive favor. The last accounts from Poland are of the most distressing nature. Gen. Diebitsch having effected his union with the Guards, crossed the Narew on the 26th of May, and fell with his whole forces on the Polish army under Skrzynecki, in the neighborhood of Ostrolenska. The Poles, though attacked by an enemy so far superior in number, were true to their ancient renown, and performed prodigious valour. The oldest Generals on both sides were, it is said, actually astounded at the animosity, almost bordering on frenzy, which prevailed in both armies, and many have declared that in the whole course of their military career, they never witnessed such a furious engagement. From the imperfect information we have received, it would appear that in consequence of the great multitude of the enemy, which continued like an overflowing torrent, to pour down on the devoted Poles, the Generalissimo gave the signal for retreating, not without having made the Russians pay dear for the advantage they had obtained. Indeed it has been reported, but I know not with how much truth, that the number of killed on the side of the Russians was greater than on the side of the Poles. No prisoners were taken during the battle, and the number of the dead on both sides amount to 20,000. It is stated in some accounts, that the Poles had only 4,000 men killed, among whom were Generals Kieki and Kaminski, Colonel Goyenski, and several other officers. Among the wounded were Generals Bozowski, Pae, Skrzynecki, Malachowski, and a great many other Staff officers. It is no doubt, difficult, until the arrival of more ample information, to form a confident opinion on this subject, but the sudden retreat of the Generalissimo, who on the 27th had transferred his head quarters to Pultusk, and on the following day to Praga, does not augur well to the Polish cause. The Russian troops have re-entered Ostrolenska, and the Polish General Gielgud is in consequence of these movements, cut off from the main army. Thus, by one of those vicissitudes so common in human affairs, are the Poles, who only a few days ago were driving before them the troops of the Autocrat, and had forced them to abandon their frontiers, preparing again to defend the walls of their capital. It is a subject of regret to many that Skrzynecki should have accepted battle against the whole forces of Diebitsch, when he might have inflicted great injury on the enemy, well aware of his perilous position, without the risk of a general engagement. But in the absence of more accurate information, this opinion must not be relied upon, and may perhaps be the offspring of disappointment.

#### PORTUGAL.

The British merchants resident at Oporto, had a meeting on the 11th May, at which an address of thanks was adopted and directed to be forwarded to Lord Palmerston, to be submitted to his majesty's government, expressing the gratitude of the merchants for the protection afforded by the late vigorous measures taken to secure their rights. It appears that Miguel had not submitted as quietly to the demands of the French Government. The following is from the Courier of the 6th:

A letter has been received from the agent to Lloyd's at Lisbon, this morning, stating the commencement of hostilities between the French and Portuguese, and adding that it was expected the French would capture some Brazilian vessels which were daily expected to arrive at Lisbon.

By an arrival at Terceira, it appears that the squadron of the Regency have captured and sent into Terceira a Brazilian vessel, but her name is not mentioned.

From the New York Daily Advertiser of July 28.

#### LATEST FROM LONDON.

Last evening, by the ship President, Capt. Champin, we received the London Times of June 13, and the Portsmouth Telegraph of June 20.

Parliament met on the 14th, and the session was opened by commission. No business of importance is mentioned as having been transacted in the papers we have received, but we have not a regular chain of information.

By the Russian accounts, it appears that the losses they sustained in the battle, the account of which we received by the previous arrival, were very heavy.

There has been some hard fighting between detachments of the Polish and Russians, in which the former, after several successive efforts, succeeded in maintaining their ground, and holding a place which they had captured.

The Lieutenant General in Chief of the Polish army has addressed an affecting proclamation to the Lithuanians. The Poles express themselves in this document determined to persevere to the last in the contest in which they are engaged.

There had been some firing at Antwerp between the citizens and the garrison, but no lives were lost. The firing had entirely ceased, in consequence of the interference of the Belgian Minister at War, who proceeded thither express from Brussels.

The Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro, had arrived on the English coast, and after touching at Falmouth, sailed for Cherbourg.

LONDON, June 17.—The French Journals of Wednesday, and those dated yesterday, arrived by express this morning. Paris appears to have been the scene of a commotion on Tuesday night and Wednesday, rather of a serious character, which it required a large force of military and police to appease. The origin of the disturbance is stated to have been insignificant, but the extent to which it spread, and the grave notice taken of it by the journals, attest its serious interest, and the alarm with which the issue was regarded. These papers furnish fresh evidence of the wide spread and deepening intensity of political excitement throughout every part of France. They also contain accounts from Bres, which state that France was fitting out a larger squadron for the service—perhaps the conquest—of Lisbon. A land expedition for the same object is also hinted at. The Spanish Court is said to have taken umbrage at the previous visit of the French squadron to the Tagus, and to have protested strongly against it.

The feeling against machinery is as strongly manifested in France, as was recently the case in this country. In the July days last year, at Paris, all machines were broken, and on Monday and Tuesday last considerable turbulence prevailed in Havre, when the mob succeeded in destroying some machinery for sawing. The National Guard was called out, and remained on duty all night.

TOULON, June 9.—The battalion of the 17th regiment of the line, which was sent to this town to be embarked on board the squadron, had returned to its cantonments; but yesterday it was again marched hither, and embarked on board the ships of the line and frigates, as well as a detachment of the 21st, which is going to complete the battalions of that regiment now in garrison at Modena and Navarino. The squadron is composed of five ships of the line. The Resolute and Iphigenie frigates will join them in a few days; they will have on board the depot of the 21st, and two battalions which are

to arrive here on the 12th. These circumstances leave no doubt of the destination of the squadron; it may now be affirmed that it is going to the Levant. It is announced that it will join the English squadron at Malta, which is composed of 15 sail. On the other hand it is said that the fleet which has sailed from the Dardanelles is Turkish and Russian, and that there is a treaty between the Emperor Nicholas and the Sultan, by which Greece is to be replaced under the dominion of the latter. The honor both of France and England is deeply interested in this affair. It is to be desired that these interventions may be favorable to the Greeks. The squadron will sail to-day if the weather permits.

It is affirmed that the English admiral will command the combined squadrons of France and England.

It is announced in the best political circles that Lord Althorp does not intend to propose to the new Parliament the Stamp Act which he brought forward in the last, but one much more in favor of the diffusion of information by newspapers. The stamp duty on such periodicals will be still further reduced, or abolished altogether.—*Court Jour.*

#### BELGIUM.

The proceedings of the Congress on the 4th day of June, whence Prince Leopold was elected King of Belgium by a great majority of voices, will be found below. But in consequence of the refusal of that body to accept the protocols of the five powers, and their determination to attach Limburg to their territory, the election is nugatory; and the affairs of the country are as unsettled as ever. The Morning Herald of the 8th ult. says:—

Prince Leopold, we are assured, has made up his mind to refuse the offer of the crown of Belgium, as it was made a condition that he should swear to preserve to Belgium the province of Limburg—a pledge which Ministers of the Great Powers signified to him it was impossible he could make, as they had determined upon confirming that province to Holland.

#### WALES.

There had been serious disturbances among the workmen in the iron manufactories of Glamorgan-shire, who had struck for higher wages, and turned out in mass, menacing the superintendents, if their demands were not granted. The military were called out, but the insurgents greatly outnumbered them, and drove them with stones to the town of Merthyr Tydfil, where they took refuge in the houses, and were still assailed in them. The soldiers were then provoked to fire into the mob, by which fourteen were killed, and many wounded. The militia could not be depended upon. The Major and several soldiers were severely wounded. The marquis of Bute, Lord Lieutenant of the county, was on the spot, and immediately sent dispatches to the Home Office.

Alderman Thompson, one of the firm owners of one of the vast establishments in which the turn-out occurred, immediately set off for the place, after an interview with Lord Melbourne. Another account contained in a supplement to Felix Farley's Bristol Journal, states the killed and wounded at sixty-two, and the number of rioters at 9000, and rapidly increasing. Two of the ringleaders, who had been taken into custody, were so far from endeavoring to exculpate themselves, they boldly asserted that the insurrection would not be confined to Wales, but that arrangements had been made for the simultaneous rising in other manufacturing and mining districts of the kingdom.

At the latest advices, a large body of military had reached the scene of disturbance. There had been no further attempt to commence rioting; but the men showed no intention of returning to their work. The affair occurred on Friday 3d of June. The following is the latest report from this vicinity:

"Sunday Morning Eight o'clock.—No news, I understand there are 16 killed in all. The road from Brecon to Merthyr is blocked up, and no passage over it is allowed. The object of the mob appears to be to surround the place; they are going there from all parts of Monmouthshire, and even so far as Swansea. They are said to be all organized and in uniform. Birmingham and Manchester. Hopes are entertained however, that the rioters will come to some terms to-day with the masters. They took 20 barrels of powder from the Downham works."

Extract of a letter, dated London, 7th June, 1831. You will perceive by our public prints that the French Squadron, not having obtained the satisfaction required at Lisbon, has commenced capturing Portuguese vessels. These are adding new evils to that already most unfortunate country. The Squadron has also captured a Portuguese Corvette, which has already arrived at Brest. We await the end of this question with anxiety; and the following packets from Lisbon, must bring very important news. The Island of Fayal has been taken by an expedition from Terceira: Pico and St. George had previously been in possession of the Queen's party. This Government has intimated that they will receive a diplomatic Agent from the Regency, in the name of Donna Maria.

The project which is entertained by many persons in England, of abolishing slavery in the Colonies, appears to have caused a good deal of excitement in Jamaica.

From the Tennessee Whig.

INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND.—We mentioned some time since, that our ingenious, persevering, and indefatigable fellow citizen, Wm. Thompson Esq. had made some important inventions, calculated greatly to facilitate and extend the instruction of that unfortunate class of people who are destitute of sight. We have taken occasion, from time to time, to notice the progress of his improvements, and we find he has at length overcome some serious difficulties, which we at first thought would interfere with the practical utility of his plans. So far as we can judge from theory, without the application of the only sure test, actual experiment, we are now well satisfied that his improvements made by Mr. Thompson, are highly valuable, and will furnish immense facilities for communicating a knowledge of letters, without the aid of the sense of vision.

It may not be proper, till the patent right be secured, to attempt a public explanation of the nature of his inventions. We may however state, that the novelty and the excellence chiefly consist in the substitution for the common alphabetical letters, of characters more simple in their structure, and more readily distinguished by touch, which, by their peculiar relative position, may be, with the aid of a key, instantly known as the representatives of those letters.

Types may be formed, the impressions from which will be palpable, and thus enable the well educated blind man to read as rapidly and as accurately by the means of his fingers, as an enlightened scholar could do with his eyes. It is Mr. Thompson's confident belief, that books may be ultimately printed for the use of the blind, upon a scale little, if any larger than that of ordinary good sized print. If, however, it should be found necessary to make the blind man's volumes considerably more bulky than those containing the same matter in letters addressed merely to the eyes, an immense object will be gained in affording him intelligible volumes of any size.

We have had an opportunity to examine a very beautiful model of a machine intended to combine mechanical power, literary instruction, and musical tones. The introduction of the latter is merely incidental, but may be regarded by some as the most valuable, or at least, the most interesting property of the invention. It is, we understand, a decided improvement upon the hand organ, and will furnish means for introducing an indefinite variety of tunes upon that instrument. The principal object of the contrivance, however, is to enable the poor blind to

be engaged at once in cultivating a knowledge of letters and contributing to their own support. The alphabetic characters are to be represented by sounds produced by the revolution of a barrel, which at the same time may be connected with a wheel applied to some useful machinery. It is supposed that the acuteness of hearing usually possessed by the blind, will enable them to distinguish as easily and rapidly the different letters indicated by different sounds, as persons blessed with sight can the same letters represented by figures addressed to the eye. The actual utility of the invention can only be determined by experiment.

It has been suggested as expedient, and the idea is certainly worthy of consideration—to establish a professorship either in a new institution for the exclusive benefit of the blind, or in connexion with the University of Nashville, whose object should be to convey instruction to that unfortunate class of citizens, upon the plan invented by Mr. Thompson, and to look to the national and state legislatures for patronage similar to that which has been bountifully extended to the instructors of the deaf and dumb.

ARRIVED in Packet ship President from London.—His Excellency, Louis McLane, late Minister Plenipotentiary to England.

Foreight.—One of the stipulations between William Penn and the early settlers of the State, was, that in clearing the land, one acre of trees should be left standing for every five acres cut down, and especially to reserve the mulberry and the oak, for silk and ship building.—*Pulouan.*

BRISTOL, CON.—This town, with a population of less than 2,000, manufactured 30,000 Clocks of different kinds the last year, averaging \$5 a piece, which would amount to \$150,000. Two large brass clock factories are in successful operation; about 800 hands are employed daily. Thirty or forty buildings, and one house for public worship were erected the past year. There are now many more buildings and another church in progress, and the whole town bears the marks of enterprise and industry.

[We believe the number of clocks here given is too small; we understand that one establishment intend to complete 12,000 the current year. Other articles are likewise manufactured to a considerable extent, and we believe to very considerable advantage in this thriving town. Ed. Sec.]

From a Philadelphia paper of July 15.

The Baltimore Chronicle of yesterday came to us in mourning. The cause may be found in the following paragraph, which we extract from its columns:

A gentleman who came up in the steamboat Maryland from Annapolis, yesterday evening, informs us that His Excellency Daniel Martin, Governor of Maryland, died at his residence in Talbot county, on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. His disease was the gout in the stomach. He was taken ill on Friday last.

ST. LOUIS, Miss, June 28.—The Indian Disturbance.—Our latest news from Rock Island is, that about 1500 of the mounted militia of Illinois were within 20 miles of that station on Thursday last; that the regular troops were in garrison, awaiting their arrival; and that then the matter would be brought to an issue. It was the general belief that no fighting would take place. The Indians, seeing themselves surrounded by so large a force, it was thought would stipulate for the best terms they could obtain, and then retire from the ground. The steamboat Enterprise leaves here to-day with additional troops, and supplies for the army.

Governor Reynolds accompanies the Illinois militia—the command of which is given to Maj. Gen. Duncan.

A letter received yesterday by the editors, from St. Louis, under date of July 6th, has the following postscript:

"Generals Gains and Atkinson have returned this morning with the troops from Rock Island, the differences with the Indians having fortunately been settled without bloodshed."—*Nat. Intel.*

NORRISTOWN, PA. July 12.—Great Freshet.—The immense quantity of rain which fell during the last week caused serious damage in this part of the country. On Wednesday night last, two dams in Stony-creek, one about a mile above this borough, known by the name of "Stanbridge's dam," and the other nearly opposite the borough, belonging to Mr. Jacob Freely, were entirely destroyed. Seven or eight thousand shingles, designed for the grist mill now being erected by Mr. Freely, were swept away by the sudden rise, which precluded any attempt to save them. The embankment between Mr. Freely's race and the Schuylkill a short distance below his saw-mill, also gave way, and a number of valuable logs were lost. Some of our farmers, too, must have sustained considerable loss, as a large number of sheaves of grain were seen floating down the Schuylkill opposite this place, on Thursday last.

The South African Commercial Advertiser

## POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.

## THE SABBATH BELL.

BY MRS. BIGOURNEY.

Where mid the crowded city glide  
The gorgeous trains of pomp and pride,  
Till even the labouring pavement groans  
As folly's surges wear the stones,  
And through the reeking air doth rise  
The tide of fashion's heartless sighs,  
What speaks from tower and fair

With solemn knell,  
To break the tyranny of care,  
And fearless warn the proud to prayer?—  
The Sabbath bell.

From yonder cottage homes where meet  
Round the low eaves the woodbine sweet,  
And the young vine flower peering through  
The rustic rose-head, rich with dew,  
Pours on each passing zephyr's breast  
A gush of fragrance pure and blest,  
What lures gay childhood's throng away?  
Why quit they thus at morning's ray,

Their sweet sequester'd dell?  
What guides them to God's temple-door,  
Their lessons conning o'er?  
The Sabbath bell.

The chastened spirit worn with care,  
That scarce can lift its burden'd prayer  
Above the host of hills that thrust  
Its broken pinion down to dust,  
That loves the path where faith doth rise  
In contemplation to the skies,  
Yet crushed beneath the rugged chain,  
Betakes it to its task,

What bids its sacred rapture swell,  
And brings, though sorrow lift the rod,  
Communion with its Father-God?—  
The Sabbath bell.

And thou, whose glance of rapid ray  
Do't lightly scan this simple lay,  
When to thine eye young astral spark,  
And earthly skies and suns are dark,  
What to the fair and lighted hall,  
Where cherish'd friend hold festival,  
What to the pensive, listening ear  
The tidings of thy death shall tell?  
And summon to thy lonely bier  
The bursting sigh, the bitter tear?  
The Sabbath bell.

## MAN'S LIFE.

"Behold, alas, our days we spend;  
How vain they be, how soon they end!"

## BEHOLD

How short a span  
Was long enough of old  
To measure out the life of man;  
In those well temper'd days, his time was then  
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years  
and ten.

## ALAS!

And what is that?  
They come and slide and pass  
Before my tongue can tell thee what,  
The posts of time are swift, which having run  
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived  
task is done.

## OUR DAYS

Begun, we lend  
To sleep, to antic plays  
And toys until the first stage end;  
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told,  
We give to unrecovered loss, we rather breathe  
than live.

## WE SPEND

A ten year's breath  
Before we apprehend  
What 'tis to live in fear of death;  
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys  
Which please our sense awhile, and waking prove  
but toys.

## HOW VAIN

How wretched is  
Poor man, that doth remain  
A slave to such a state as this!  
His days are short at longest; few at most;  
And they are bad at best; yet lavished out,  
at last.

## THEY BE

The secret springs  
That make our minutes flee  
On wings more swift than eagle's wings!  
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath  
Breathes forth a warning rattle, till time shall strike  
a death.

## HOW SOON

Our new-born light  
Attains to full-aged noon!  
And this, how soon to gray-haired night!  
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,  
Ere we can count our days,—our days that flee  
so fast.

## THEY END

When scarce begun,  
And ere we apprehend  
That we begin to live, our life is done.  
Man, count thy days! and if they fly too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day  
the last.

From the Calumet.

## THOUGHTS ON WAR.

Among the many ills that walk abroad, in the  
earth, and combine to sadden and shorten the  
term of human existence, the spirit of war  
stands terribly distinct.

We know from the lurid lightning, and the  
smoke, when the volcano will disembogue, and  
we divine by the silent damps and dews, what  
time the muffled pestilence shall walk the

earth, and we flee to the mountains and the  
hills, and are safe. But from the vengeance of  
our fellow men there is no escape.

The human mind is so constituted, that its  
energies are most surely directed, and its so-  
ber powers more efficiently swayed through  
the medium of the affections. Enlist the fancy,  
and lo! the fabric of reason is shaken to its  
base. Engage the whole heart; and mound  
and fortress, battlement and tower, fall tum-  
bling to the earth; the mighty is crushed be-  
fore the weak, and there is no strength in man.  
Let the orator incite, and the demagogue de-  
claim, so that the passions are moved, and man  
stands up and boasts him against the Lord, and  
talks of the might of his strength, and the valor  
of his own right arm.

But how specious soever the reason may ap-  
pear, and however imposing, there is a hidden  
cruelty and injustice in war.

A nation receives or misinterprets to itself  
an injury. Its martial spirit is awakened, and  
its cabinet counsellors are advised. Sage,  
wise, deliberate men, take up the cause, and by  
one unanimous consent, resolve upon war.—  
The decree goes forth—it meets the peasant  
on the road, the labourer in the field, the me-  
chanic at the bench, and the tearful household  
of poverty is thrown into alarm. Alas! for  
these simple and reluctant people! Poetry  
wears for them no garland rays, and history  
prepares no splendid page! They go to the  
battle ground, they fight, they die—their heart  
looks backward to their hamlet home, and their  
souls rush onward to their Judge. Here in  
the bosom of happy society, we think of death,  
and we associate it with every sustaining cir-  
cumstance. We call around us the book of  
sympathy, and the band of love, and still it is  
dreadful! Ah! sadly sure! Come when it  
will, I shall quiver and shrink, though it  
should find me on my brother's arm, or clinging  
to the bosom of my fondest friend.—But God  
of mercy! spare me and mine, from that cold  
unattended couch of stone, that communion of  
groans and tears, and anguish, that surround  
the dying man, lone and forsaken on the field  
of battle! And what is the reward? Its hon-  
ours are precarious at best, for often the same  
caprice that compels to action, sits in judgment  
and the champion is robbed at last of his cor-  
onet of leaves, for which he bared his bosom  
and his arm. And now, ill fated D'Arc, I  
think of thee! and of thee too, high hearted  
heroine of Anjou! for in the fervor of thy country's  
strife, thou didst outstrip the march of English  
chivalry, and English pride, and lifted the em-  
blem of the blood-stained rose, when thou thy-  
self wert paler than the lily! And yet ye were  
left to weep, to wander, and to die; and the  
poor brown maid that gathers the straw in the  
harvest field, or plucks the mountain berries  
where they grow, is happier than ye, daughters  
of ill-starred bravery!

The consequences of war what are they?—  
how the nation sits in her weeds of widowhood,  
and how the people mourn! aye, take away  
from my sight the buskin and the plume, the  
banner and caparison, for with a sick heart do I  
remember the price of victory.

I look around, and my eye is filled with  
sadness, and my spirit sighs when I think  
of the ill incident to humanity—I trace over  
all the windings of the earth, the silent step-  
pings of desolation and decay. On every side  
I hear the pleadings of want, the cry of be-  
reavement, the plaint of sickness, and the re-  
minings of age; and I do well to mourn; be-  
cause the heritage of beauty is laid waste, and  
blight has come down on the garden of the Lord.  
But what terror is this, that a man should rise  
up against his fellow, and plunge his naked  
weapon in his heart?

Oh my God—let me fall into thy hands, and  
not into another's. Let me be brought into  
thy presence, and there will I render up my  
breath; for thou wilt deal gently with thy  
sorrowing child, and pardon and relent; but  
spare me the vengeance of my brother-man,  
for his tender mercies are cruel!

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## THE BLACKSMITH'S BOY.

When I lived in N—, I used often to no-  
tice a very worthy, industrious blacksmith, who  
kept his shop on the corner of Gray street.  
Here he was always found at work early in the  
morning and late at night, and always singing  
or talking with some one as he worked. I had  
not passed that way many times before I found  
out that his songs, which he took so much  
pleasure in singing, were all religious hymns;  
and I have often thought as I heard him, 'That  
man's thoughts are in heaven more than on  
earth.' A happier man I never saw.

One day, as I was passing, I saw a man  
coming down the other street, to whom I wish-  
ed to speak, and I stopped right against the  
door of the blacksmith's shop till he came up.  
The good man was busy as ever at his work,  
putting his irons into the fire, pulling them out  
and hammering them into different shapes,  
while a little boy, with whom he was talking,  
was blowing the bellows. Just as I stopped  
before the door, I heard the little boy say,  
"Well, but, father, I could not tell what he  
meant when he said that 'the wind of prayer  
must blow all the time on the heart, or religion  
would go out.' I thought it all over and over,  
and I was afraid I never should know what it  
meant." "Your teacher," said the father,  
"did not make his language quite so plain as  
he ought to; but what he said was very true,  
and very good. You remember in the third  
chapter of John, which I read before prayers  
this morning, we are told that we must be born  
again before we can enter the kingdom of  
heaven, and the good Saviour then says that  
being born again is like the wind. We cannot  
see how it comes, or where it comes from, but  
only what it does. Now this wind is the Holy  
Spirit, which God breathes into the heart and  
makes it new, just as he breathed on the dry  
bones that Ezekiel tells us about, and made  
them live. Do you remember where?" "O  
yes, father. It is in the 37th chapter, and it  
was in a great valley." "Well, when the Ho-

ly Spirit comes, like a breath of wind, into the  
heart, the heart becomes, like these coals on  
the hearth, all afire, and then the heart is said  
to be warm with love to God. Now can you  
tell me why these coals do not go out?" "Be-  
cause, father, I keep blowing the bellows all  
the time." "Well, now, prayer in the heart,  
is just like blowing the bellows on these coals.  
It keeps the Holy Spirit always breathing there,  
and so keeps the fire of religion always burn-  
ing." "O yes, father, now I understand; and  
when God promises, in the lesson I said last  
Sabbath, to give his Holy Spirit to them that  
ask him, he means that as long as any body  
keeps praying, the Holy Spirit will keep blow-  
ing into his heart. Don't it, father?" "Yes,  
my son; and the good hymn says,

'For only while we pray we live.'

The man I was waiting for now came up,  
and I heard no more; but the good father  
broke out into a happy strain, and sung the  
verse from which this line is taken, as if he  
knew all about it, and felt it in his heart.—*Sab-  
bath School Instructor.*

From the Boston Ladies' Magazine.

## THE LITTLE FOOT.

My Boy, as gently on my breast,  
From infant sports thou sink'st to rest,  
And on my hand I feel thee put  
In playful dreams, thy little foot,  
The thrilling touch sets every string  
Of my full heart a quivering!

For, ah! I think, what chart can show,  
The ways through which this foot may go?  
Its print will be, in childhood's hours,  
Traced in the garden, round the flowers;  
But youth will bid it leap the rills—  
Bathe in the dews of distant hills—  
Roam o'er the vales, and venture out,  
When ripper years would pause and doubt  
Nor brave the pass, nor try the brink  
Where youth's unguarded foot may sink.

But what, when manhood tints thy cheek,  
Will be the ways this foot may seek?  
Is it to lightly pace the deck?  
To, helpless, slip from off the wreck?  
Or wander o'er a foreign shore,  
Returning to thy home no more,  
Until the bosom, now thy pillow,  
Is low and cold beneath the willow?

Or is it for the battle plain?  
Beside the slayer and the slain—  
Till there its final step be taken?  
There, sleep thine eye, no more to waken?  
Is it to glory, or to shame—  
To sojourn, or to gild thy name—  
Is it to happiness or woe,  
This little foot is made to go?

But whoso'er its lines may fall,  
Whether in cottage, or in hall,  
O, may it ever shun the ground  
Where'er His foot had not been found,  
Who on his path below hath shed  
A living light, that all may tread  
Upon his earthly steps; and none  
E'er dash the foot against the stone!

## POLITENESS.

I believe nothing tends to make people so  
awkward as too much anxiety to please others.  
Nature is graceful, and affection with all her  
art, can never produce any thing half so pleas-  
ing. The very perfection of elegance is to im-  
itate nature as closely as possible, and how  
much better it is to have the reality than the  
imitation. I shall probably be reminded that  
the best and most unaffected people are often  
constrained and awkward in company to which  
they are unaccustomed. I answer, the reason  
is, they do not act themselves—they are afraid  
they shall not do right, and that very fear  
makes them do wrong. Anxiety about the  
opinions of others fetters the freedom of nature.

At home, where they act from within them-  
selves, they would appear a thousand times  
better. All would appear well, if they never  
tried to assume what they did not possess.—  
Every body is respectable and pleasing so long  
as he is perfectly natural. I will make no ex-  
ception. Nature is always graceful. The most  
secluded and the most ignorant have some  
charm about them so long as they affect nothing  
—so long as they speak and act from the im-  
pulses of their own honest hearts, without any  
anxiety what others think of it. Coarseness  
and vulgarity are the effects of education and  
habit—they cannot be charged upon nature.—  
True politeness may be cherished in the hovel  
as well as in the palace, and the most tattered  
drapery cannot conceal its winning charms.

As far as is consistent with your situation  
and duties, early accustom your children to an  
intercourse with strangers. I have seen young  
persons who were respectful and polite at home  
seized with a most painful and unbecoming  
bashfulness as soon as a guest entered. To  
avoid this evil, allow your children to accom-  
pany you as often as possible to make calls and  
social visits. Occasional interviews with intel-  
ligent and cultivated individuals have a great  
influence on early character and manner, par-  
ticularly if parents evidently place a high value  
upon acquaintances of that description. I have  
known the destiny of a whole family changed  
for the better by the friendship of its members  
with a person of superior advantages and correct  
principles.

But it must be remembered that a call or a  
social visit may be made almost as injurious as  
a party, if children are encouraged in showing  
off, or are constantly habituated to hearing  
themselves talked about. Much as the failing  
has been observed and laughed at, it is still  
common for mothers to talk too much about  
their children. The weariness with which  
strangers listen to such domestic accounts is a  
slight evil compared with the mischief done to  
children by inducing them to think themselves  
of so much importance. They should never  
be taught to consider themselves of any conse-  
quence, except at home in the bosom of their  
own families.

Nothing tends to foster the genuine polite-

ness which springs from good feeling so much  
as scrupulous attention to the aged. There is  
something extremely delightful and salutary in  
the free and happy intercourse of the old and  
young. The freshness and enthusiasm of  
youth cheer the dreariness of age, and age can  
return the benefit a hundred fold by its mild  
maxims of experience and wisdom. In this  
country, youth and age are too much separated.  
The young flock together, and leave the old to  
themselves. We seem to act upon the princi-  
ple that there cannot be sympathy between  
these two extremes of life; whereas there may  
be in fact a most charming sympathy—a sym-  
pathy more productive of mutual benefit than  
any other in the world.

The aged, from the loneliness of their situa-  
tion, the want of active employment, and an  
enfeebled state of health, are apt to look upon  
the world with a gloomy eye, and sometimes  
their gloom is not unmixed with bitterness.—  
Hence arises a complaint of their harshness  
and asperity towards the follies of the young.  
These evils, so naturally growing out of their  
isolated situation, would seldom gain power  
over the old, if they were accustomed to gentle-  
ness, attention and deference from the young  
—they would be softened by juvenile love, and  
cheered by juvenile gaiety. Such intercourse  
sheds a quiet brightness on the decline of life,  
like sunshine on a weather-beaten tree, or a  
moss covered dwelling. What is there on  
earth more beautiful than an aged person full of  
content and benevolence!

In China it is a custom for young people al-  
ways to stand with head uncovered in the pres-  
ence of their seniors. Perhaps this is carrying  
the outward forms of respect to an inconvenient  
excess; but the principle is true to nature and  
goodness. The mere circumstance of being  
old should insure peculiar deference and atten-  
tion even from strangers.

It is considered a sign of a good heart to  
love little children. I think spontaneous kind-  
ness for the aged is a much better proof. I  
have seen gentlemen who in mixed companies  
always bestowed the largest share of attention  
upon the old and neglected. Had I a beloved  
daughter, I would choose such a man for her  
husband!

## CAUTIONS TO YOUNG MEN.

Are you solicited to visit the theatre? Think  
before you go, how many young men there first  
entered on that downward road, which conducted  
to the loss of estate, and health, and char-  
acter, and usefulness, and soul; and which  
has broken many a father's and mother's heart.  
And if you will go, before you enter, cast your  
eye over the door, and there read in letters of  
fire, "This house is the way to hell, going down  
to the chambers of death."

Are you solicited to go to the tavern, and  
join in the jovial song, and partake in the cir-  
culating glass? Think before you go, that there  
is the place where men at first become tipplers,  
then swimmers, then drunkards, then unkind  
husbands and cruel fathers, then beggars, then  
madmen, then corpses. And as to the fate of  
the soul, that God has decided; "No drunk-  
ard shall have any inheritance in the kingdom  
of heaven."

From the Christian Soldier.

## "DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS."

MR. EDITOR—In your paper of March 30, I  
read an article from the New York Observer,  
under the head, 'Humbling Recollections,'  
which brought to my mind an incident related  
to me, some time ago, by an esteemed Chris-  
tian brother. It was substantially as follows:  
'Some years ago, I was clerk in a store in—  
One day a hired man of my employer, whom I  
knew to be destitute of religion, came into my  
store. I felt it to be my duty to speak to him  
upon the subject of his soul's salvation; but  
my wicked heart invented a thousand excuses.  
'He may not receive it kindly, thought I, since  
I am younger than he; I had better keep si-  
lence until a more favorable opportunity.'—  
Conscience told me these excuses were vain,  
and a voice seemed to say to me, 'Speak to  
this man,' but I refused to listen. But mark  
the sequel. The next day he was taken sick,  
became deranged, and on the third day he died!  
O! thought I, that I had listened to the voice  
of God's Spirit and done my duty. Perhaps I  
might have saved his soul from perdition; at  
least I might have cleared my own skirts, and  
washed my hands in innocence. But now alas!  
it is too late! forever too late! His doom is ir-  
revocably sealed.'

How often is it the case that Christians neg-  
lect opportunities of speaking to their imperi-  
ent friends and warning them of their danger;  
when, if they were faithful in their admonitions,  
they might be instrumental of saving their souls.  
Facts like the above should lead every Chris-  
tian to the strictest fidelity, and make an im-  
pression upon his mind which would never al-  
low him to neglect an opportunity to warn an  
impenitent friend of his danger. G. S.

## FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

Two or three years since, I happened to re-  
mark that two poor boys (brothers) who were  
employed in road-making, were extremely well  
disposed, and possessed considerable ability.  
On my expressing a wish that they should learn  
to read and write, they asserted their readi-  
ness to attempt it, one offering to maintain the  
other by his labor until educated, on condition  
that the other in turn should support him when  
this was effected. This was immediately put  
in practice, the laborer working harder than  
ever to maintain the scholar. In about eight  
months the scholar being quite a proficient in  
writing and arithmetic, returned to his work,  
and supplied the other brother with bread while  
he also learned the same branches.

This affecting example was not allowed to  
pass unrewarded; aid was afforded, and after-  
wards they were both made overseers, though  
very young. On the suspension of road-mak-  
ing, they both went to Smyrna; where one is  
employed by a merchant, and the other has  
established a school of mutual instruction at

Burnova. Thus two poor orphan boys are re-  
spectably and profitably established through  
this valuable institution.—Br. and For. Sch. So.  
Rep.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

## THE SILK WORM.

This useful little animal, the author of so  
much luxury and magnificence, is one of the  
most interesting objects in nature. In its dis-  
position it is perfectly gentle and inoffensive,  
affording both instruction and reproof to all  
who may behold them, and withal richly com-  
pensating the owner for all the care bestowed  
upon them.

The egg which produces the worm is small-  
er than a common sized pin head, of a bright-  
yellow, which in process of time becomes of a  
brownish cast. After the mulberry leaf has  
attained to a sufficient size, the eggs are placed  
in a room, where if the temperature ranges  
between seventy and eighty, they will hatch in  
three or four days. When they first make their  
appearance, they are so diminutive in size, as  
scarcely to be perceptible, of a blackish hue,  
varying in complexion as they increase in age.

The process of casting off their skins, which  
it is said they do four times, is slow, and to  
appearance, somewhat painful. The time of  
this change taking place may be known by their  
refusing to eat, rearing their heads, and re-  
maining stationary nearly four hours. Then  
they fasten the extremity of their covering to  
the table, and commence their onward march,  
the skin separating from about the neck, afford-  
ing them egress without difficulty.

Each time they appear in a new dress, their  
appetites are sensibly increased, until they at-  
tain unto a perfect worm, which will take place  
at the end of five or six weeks, when they be-  
come almost transparent—of a light cream col-  
or, handsomely variegated with dark spots.—  
Nearly the whole length upon the back, may  
be seen at this period, what is thought by some  
to be a large blood vessel, expanding and con-  
tracting at regular intervals. When the time  
for winding arrives, they raise their heads and  
look around for a suitable place to suspend  
their cocoons, (which, however, is generally  
made for them by placing near oak branches or  
a suitable frame) upon which they commence  
their task, by fastening on all sides within their  
reach, a coarse web of silk, to contain the co-  
coon, which in size and proportion resembles a  
pigeon's egg, in which they enclose themselves,  
leaving sufficient space for the free motion of  
the body in arranging the silk in regular layers  
of a uniform thickness, which can be seen by  
cutting the cocoon in pieces. The length of  
time occupied in its formation is four or five  
days of unceasing toil; and from the beginning  
of its labors until the close of life, a period of  
four or five weeks, it abtains wholly from food  
of any kind. At the expiration of fifteen or  
twenty days, the worm has been converted into  
a chrysalis, and from the latter to a beautiful  
white miller. In that state it is very active,  
although unable to mount into the air. It moves  
about upon its feet in small circles, its wings  
in rapid motion, and after a few more days of  
enjoyment in its new state of existence, it de-  
posits its eggs, to the number of four or five  
hundred, and closes its eventful life.

From the Milledgeville Recorder.

## THE END OF GREAT MEN.

Happening to cast my eyes upon a printed  
page of miniature portraits, I perceived that  
four personages which occupied the most con-  
spicuous places, were Alexander, Hannibal,  
Cesar and Bonaparte. I had seen the same  
unnumbered times before, but never did the  
same sensations rise in my bosom, as my mind  
hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy  
heights of his ambition, and with his temples  
bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of  
countless nations, looked down upon a con-  
quered world, and wept that there was not another  
world for him to conquer—set a city on fire,  
and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having to the astonishment  
and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps,  
after having put to flight the armies of this  
"mistress of the world," and stripped three  
bushells of golden rings from the fingers of their  
slaughtered knights, and made her very founda-  
tion quake—fled from his country, being ha-  
ted by those who once exultingly united his  
name to that of their god, and called him Han-  
nibal, and died, at last, by poison, administered  
by his own hands, unlamented, and unwept  
in a foreign land.

Cesar, after having conquered eight hundred  
cities, and dyed his garment in the blood of  
one million of his foes—after having pursued  
to death the only rival he had on earth—was  
miserably assassinated by those he considered  
as his nearest friends, and in that very place,  
the attainment of which had been his greatest  
ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate Kings and Prin-  
ces obeyed, after having filled the earth with  
the terror of his name—after having deluged  
Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the  
world in sackcloth, closed his days in lonely  
banishment, almost literally exiled from the  
world, yet where he could sometimes see his  
country's banner waving o'er the deep, but  
which would not or could not bring him aid!

Thus those four men who from the peculiar  
situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as  
the representatives of all those whom the world  
calls great—those four who each in turn made  
the earth to tremble to its very centre by their  
simple tread, severally died—one by intoxica-  
tion, or, as some suppose by poison mingled  
in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by  
his supposed friends—and one in lonely exile!  
"How are the mighty fallen!"

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Letter from Rev.

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My Dear Sir,

A short time

Dea. Heman Lin-

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